THE
NATION

JULY 2, 1960 . . 25c

THE STUDENTS TAKE OVER

Kenneth Rexroth

CHINA VERSUS RUSSIA

Alexandre Metaxas

NEW LIFE for OLD WEAPONS

Carl Dreher

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LETTERS

Mr. Schmidt Complains . . .

Dear Sirs: It has recently come to my attention that you have libelled me by false statements or innuendoes (in an article by a William Goffen entitled "Monitors versus the Teamsters") as follows:

(a) That I was dismissed or disqualified or forced to resign as a Monitor because of conflict of interest.

(b) That I have been supported and paid by industrialists to attack the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America.

(c) That I was ousted by a majority of the dissident Teamsters as their attorney.

(d) That I oppose a new Teamster convention for reasons other than my professed concern for the welfare of the Rank and File.

(e) That the Court of Appeals had found that I was guilty of an actual conflict of interest.

(f) That I profited from representing numerous employers in negotiations with the Teamsters in violation of my duty as Monitor and counsel for plaintiffs.

(g) That I appointed Lawrence T. Smith as my successor with the permission of Judge Letts.

(h) That my activities in no way benefited the Teamsters membership.

(i) That I am depriving members of their right to vote for International Officers.

Not a single one of these statements or innuendoes is truthful as you knew, or could have known in the exercise of reasonable care or responsible research. All of these statements or innuendoes conveyed falsely reflect upon my integrity, competence and professional standing.

An example of the malicious manner in which you went out of your way to blackguard me is clear from your failure to quote from the Court of Appeals' decision its statement that it did not suggest that I had ever acted otherwise than openly, competently and honorably. . . .

Yours very truly,

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

New York City

. . . *The Nation's* Answer

We have carefully reviewed the article by William Goffen in the light of Mr. Schmidt's letter. We disagree most emphatically with Mr. Schmidt's charge that he has been libelled. Nevertheless, in the interest of fairness, we are always glad to correct any statements we make which we find to be either inaccurate or subject to possible misinterpretation. We shall answer his letter point by point.

(a) Mr. Schmidt was not "forced to resign as a Monitor because of conflict of interest," if by that it is taken to mean that he was directed to resign, dismissed, removed or found disqualified. The Court of Appeals disagreed with Judge Letts's finding that no conflict of interest was shown, and remanded the case to the District Court to determine whether the conflict of interest which was shown disqualified Mr. Schmidt as a Monitor. Following the decision of the Court of Appeals, and without waiting for the decision of the District Court on the remand, Mr. Schmidt resigned.

The pertinent portion of the Court of Appeals' decision is reproduced below.

(b) The statement complained of does not appear in the article.

(c) A majority of the thirteen original dissident Teamsters discharged Mr. Schmidt as their attorney in the action. Judge Letts held, however, that since the action was a "class action," Mr. Schmidt would continue as counsel of record for the class.

(d) We apologize for any improper motives which Mr. Schmidt feels may have been wrongfully attributed to him. We interpret the sentence complained of to be merely fair comment on facts correctly stated and we believe it is up to the reader to draw his own conclusions from such facts.

(e) and (f) The Court of Appeals, in the portion of its opinion set forth below, stated its belief that a conflict of interest existed between Mr. Schmidt's activities as counsel for employers and as Monitor.

(g) Obviously, the statement that Mr. Schmidt appointed Lawrence T. Smith as his successor is technically incorrect, since a Monitor is an appointee of the Court. In his resignation, Mr. Schmidt recommended Smith's appointment, and the recommendation was adopted by Judge Letts, who made the appointment.

(h) As we read the article, the author states *not* that none of Mr. Schmidt's activities as Monitor were of benefit to the Teamsters, but that such of his activities as the Court found constituted a conflict of interest with his duties as Monitor — namely, his representation of employers — can in no way be construed as having benefited the Teamsters membership.

(i) To the extent the author feels that the failure to hold an election deprives the membership of its right to vote for international officers, and to the extent that Mr. Schmidt has sought to postpone the election, this appe to us to be fair comment on facts rectly stated.

IN ORDER to set forth the fav as well as the unfavorable aspe the Court of Appeals' decision in *ningham v. English* (269 F. 2d 51 gladly reproduce below the pe portion:

> We accept these findings than the one as to conflict terest. The undisputed facts a during the time Mr. Schmid been a Monitor he has repre Producers Distributors Asso an employer, in arbitration pr ings in New York involving ster Local 816, including confe

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The Nation, July 2, 1960. Vol. 191,

The Nation published weekly (except for sion of four summer issues) by The ation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. b the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 1

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Job and the Man

Those liberals who are rushing to jump on the Kennedy bandwagon are doing little to belie the slander that liberals are a faint-hearted breed. The fact is that the country, and the world, are in the gravest kind of trouble. Without the services of men of good will, long experience and first-rate minds, there is little chance for the human race to escape mass immolation. Walter Lippmann calls on President Eisenhower for a reappraisal, which is bound to be agonizing, of our whole foreign policy, resting as it does on a system of foreign bases disintegrating before our eyes. Politely, Mr. Lippmann refers this matter to the incumbent President, but everyone knows that the next President is going to have to tackle that excruciating job. Who is best equipped for it? Senator Kennedy is certainly to be preferred to either Senator Johnson or Senator Symington, but the voters may not think he is preferable to Mr. Nixon. There is only one Democratic ticket that is as certain of winning as anything can be in politics, and that is Stevenson and Kennedy (in that order). That ticket would win for the best of reasons, because, as Mrs. Roosevelt says, Adlai Stevenson "has more wisdom, more experience and more maturity than any other candidate. . . . He has the humility, courage and flexibility of mind which make it possible for a great man to recognize a mistake if he makes one and turn to another solution." She might have added that the mistakes in this case were not Stevenson's; had he been elected in 1956, when he advocated the suspension of nuclear-bomb testing, the chances are we would not be mired as deeply as we now are.

Kennedy has spoken eloquently of courage in government. It is always hard to apply one's principles to oneself, but the greatest service he could render to his country at the present juncture is to accept second place on the ticket. In 1968, he will still be only fifty, and far better qualified for the Presidency than he is now. All this should be impressed on him by Democrats capable of seeing beyond their noses, and especially those who, as liberals, realize that the application of intelligence to politics is not a fad, not a luxury, but a dire necessity of the times.

What Might Have Been

Let us assume there had been no U-2 incident — that either the flight had been called off because of the impending Summit conference or that, like numerous previous flights, it had safely fulfilled its secret mission. What, then, would have been the probable sequence of events? A Summit meeting would have taken place which would have settled no major issues, but which might have given impetus to both the disarmament conference in Geneva and to the long-drawn-out negotiations over the cessation of nuclear testing.

The President would have visited the Soviet Union as scheduled, and there seems not the slightest doubt that the citizens of that nation would have reciprocated, in warmth and interest, the reception which their political leader received last fall in this country. There might have been some barbed questions directed to a smiling Ike to remind us of the Mayor of Los Angeles' crudities, but on the whole the visit would have been a crowning triumph for the President's program of personal diplomacy.

Fresh from the plaudits of the Russians, the *Colum-*

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bine would have landed at Tokyo airport to an official welcome. Under these circumstances, the President would not have been arriving in Japan as a climax to a tour of U.S. bases—Manila, Formosa, Korea, Okinawa; he would have been arriving from the land of the "enemy," bringing with him the promise of lessened tensions and a demonstrable record of having relentlessly pursued peace. That the Japanese might have put on anti-treaty demonstrations is possible, but certainly there would have been no cancellation of the visit nor the painful loss of personal and national prestige which we have now witnessed. Only en route home, very much as anticlimax, would the President have touched down on the military bases.

But luck ran out or stupidity triumphed, whichever description one prefers, and the U-2 incident with all of its ramifications occurred. We are told that the photographs taken by these observation flights were important, nay indispensable, to our military intelligence. Perhaps so. Certainly they've turned out to be infinitely the most expensive photographs taken since man invented the camera.

Future of a Treaty

Secretary of State Herter finally admitted last week that the United States had misjudged the significance of the Tokyo riots. But the speed with which the U.S.-Japanese treaty has since been ratified would indicate that we are very confident of our judgment on *that*. Yet, apart from the riots, there are persuasive reasons to believe that the "alliance" set up by the treaty is an unnatural one, unlikely to stand the test of time. For nearly forty years, beginning with the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, the United States and Japan had been not allies, but bitter rivals, in the quest for Far Eastern political and economic hegemony. This rivalry culminated in Pearl Harbor and four years of bloody war. True, Japan's defeat was followed, in 1951, by a security pact which established an alliance. But in 1951, Japan had very little choice; the 1951 agreement was the price she paid, in a sense, for the peace treaty signed the same day. Herself vulnerable — her economy as well as her machine completely smashed — she had no alternative but to cooperate with the rapidly crystallizing anti-China policy of the United States, then engaged in the Korean War. But in 1960, Japan is no longer so vulnerable. Her economy, in recent years, has been among the fastest growing of any nation in the world. The Korean War itself, given especially American military procurements, proved highly profitable to Japan. Today, the Japanese are looking generally to the long-term economic haul, aiming simultaneously at the establishment of a profitable foreign trade (even with Communist countries) and a position of economic and political self-sufficiency.

In truth, the core of the problem is not Japan, but China. American policy toward Japan is molded by American policy toward China — and if our China policy is in error, so must be all policies deriving therefrom. It should be recalled, in this connection, that last year the Senate Foreign Relations Committee commissioned a number of scholars to review American foreign policy. The report said: "It is very questionable as to how long we can hold this power [of Communist China and the combined Sino-Soviet bloc] in check with a policy of containment through isolation." The report called for an agonizing reappraisal, more or less, of our China policy. The Japanese seem to agree with the American scholars: that is one of the meanings of the Tokyo riots, for the Japanese demonstrators saw, clearly enough, that the treaty they were protesting might involve them in a war against Peking.

We have thus far been successful in insulating ourselves against all contacts, political or economic, with China. But how long can we continue to manipulate Japan as an element in this "containment" maneuver? How long can we keep Japan away from a relationship with China which would reflect, to a degree, their geographic proximity and their complementary economies?

Contempt

On the occasion of President Eisenhower's arrival in Formosa, and also on his departure, the mainland Chinese subjected the island of Quemoy to its heaviest bombardment in several years. The bombardment killed sixteen people and wounded sixty. Among the victims were several children. The purpose of the bombardment, according to Peking, was to express China's "contempt" for the President. But there is no evidence that any of the casualties had ever voted to put Mr. Eisenhower into office, had ever invited him to Formosa or to Japan, or shared any responsibility whatever for the anti-China policy of the United States.

Whatever the merit of China's claim to Quemoy, in this instance her actions displayed a contempt, not for President Eisenhower, but for human life.

The Pasternak Syndrome

In every country the uncritical majority is supplied with a system of ready-made political beliefs to fight and die for. To a degree which varies with time and place, dissidence is dangerous. As international tensions rise, the danger naturally increases. All evil is embodied in the national adversary, and he who is not with us is on the devil's side. The cold war of our time is fought not only with the threat of missiles and nuclear bombs,

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but with what Aristotle called an invented terror. The targets are individuals who commit the offense of thinking and speaking for themselves.

We know that this is true of the Soviet Union, but it is true also of ourselves. Here are two Nobel Laureates: Boris Pasternak, who was not permitted by his government to receive the prize for literature, and our own Linus Pauling. In feeling and idealism these men are alike; even their facial expressions are similar — it has been well said that by the time he is forty, a man has the face he deserves. Pasternak, in *Doctor Zhivago*, spoke out, through his characters, against the repressions and regimentations of the regime. He was attacked with such fury by some of the literary opinion-molders that it was too much even for Khrushchev. That a thousand people came to his funeral merely shows that the present rulers of the USSR are a considerable improvement on their predecessors.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd, whose security subcommittee will possibly have Dr. Pauling up for contempt of Congress, may likewise be an improvement on Senator Joe McCarthy, but their chromosomes are much the same. Fortunately for Pauling, his researches in biochemistry are sufficiently esoteric so that our thought-controllers allowed him to receive his Nobel Prize in peace; but now the hunt is on. Instead of cooperating with the government in some such respectable scientific activity as germ warfare, or declaring patriotically that nuclear testing is essential for national survival and let the radioactive particles fall where they may, Pauling stumps the country in opposition to the resumption of testing and cries for peace wherever two or three are gathered together. Morover, the play has been going his way, at least as far as recognition of the fallout danger is concerned — that may be why the subcommittee is on his trail. The June 13 issue of *The Insider's Newsletter* (published by the Cowles Magazines) says that the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy is preparing to issue a report that will provide the last word on the fallout controversy — and also redden a lot of expert faces. What the report will say, in sum, is that it is futile to set *any* maximum permissible dose of radiation, since so little is known about radiation effects. But the more right Pauling turns out to be, the more dangerous he is, and the safer the country will be when he is behind bars. Only let's stop talking about Pasternak.

Human Rights and Property Rights

On June 20 the Supreme Court, in a 5-to-4 decision, decided that old-age benefits payable under the Social Security Act might be cut off from an alien deported because of membership in the Communist Party. The case at bar concerned Ephram Nestor, now in Bulgaria, who came to the United States in 1913 and worked from 1936 to 1955 in jobs covered by Social Security. In November, 1955, he began receiving a pension of $55.60 a month, which should surely have convinced him of the virtues of capitalism. However, from 1933 to 1939 he was a member of the Communist Party. For this he was deported in July, 1956, and the Social Security Administration cut off his pension two months later in conformity with a 1954 amendment to the act. Nestor sued for restoration of the benefit and was upheld in the District Court, but in the Supreme Court's majority opinion Justice John M. Harlan held that "to engraft upon the Social Security system a concept of accrued property rights would deprive it of the flexibility and boldness in adjustment to cover changing conditions which it demands."

The Communist, in practical terms, has no property rights under capitalism; so, at least, it must seem to the expropriated Nestor. But Justice Harlan may not be taking sufficient account of the changing conditions on which he based his opinion. Under the so-called Hiss Act, also of 1954, Congress took similar liberties with the property rights of an unpopular citizen convicted of perjury. As additional punishment for subversion, embezzlement and similar failures to keep a public trust, Congress provided for forfeiture of government retirement benefits. The act was aimed at Alger Hiss and no one else; but unless it is now modified or repealed, thousands of service men with small offenses on their military records will lose their retirement pay. Example: a Pentagon legal officer cites the case of a Marine Corps sergeant who in 1947 pleaded guilty to unauthorized use of a government vehicle; now ready to retire, he stands to lose retirement pay valued at $48,922. Another example: a chief warrant officer drew money without authorization in advance of his family's movement from one post to another; he is now ineligible for retirement pay valued at $103,000. Other government departments face similar problems. On the other hand, if the act is amended. Hiss may be entitled to a pension. Every Congressman is entitled to vote the prejudices of the most vindictive of his constituents, but it does cause complications, and it does make a travesty of the basic principles which the United States loudly defends in words, and freely violates in deeds.

To *Nation* Readers

After July 9, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 23, August 6 and August 20. The weekly schedule will be resumed with the issue of September 3.

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THE STUDENTS TAKE OVER . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

WHEN THE newspapers have got nothing else to talk about, they cut loose on the young. The young are always news. If they are up to something, that's news. If they aren't, that's news, too. Things we did as kids and thought nothing of, the standard capers of all young animals, now make headlines, shake up police departments and rend the frail hearts of social workers. Partly this is due to the mythologies of modern civilization. Chesterton once pointed out that baby worship is to be expected of a society where the only immortality anybody really believes in is childhood. Partly it is due to the personal reactions of reporters, a class of men by and large prevented, occupationally, from ever growing up. Partly it is hope: "We have failed, they may do better." Partly it is guilt: "We have failed them. Are they planning vengeance?"

In talking about the Revolt of Youth we should never forget that we are dealing with a new concept. For thousands of years nobody cared what youth were doing. They weren't news. They were minding.

THEY AREN'T minding now. That isn't news. They haven't been minding since the days of John Held, Jr., *College Humor* and F. Scott Fitzgerald. In those days, they were cutting loose. In the thirties, they were joining up, giving one last try to the noble prescriptions of their elders. During the McCarthy Epoch and the Korean War, they were turning their backs and walking away. Today they are striking back. That is news. Nobody else is striking back. Hardly a person over thirty in our mass societies believes it is possible to strike back, or would know how to go about it if he did. During the past couple of years, without caring about the consequences, making up their techniques as they went along, organizing spontaneously in the midst of action, young people all over the world have intervened in history.

As the University of California student said at the recent Un-American Activities Committee riot in San Francisco, "Chessman was the last straw. I'm fed up." It's about time somebody got fed up, because, to mix the metaphor, all the chickens are coming home to roost. It has become only too apparent that we can no longer afford the old catch-as-catch-can morality with which civilization has muddled through to 1960. Sloth, rascality, predatory dishonesty, evasion, bluster, no longer work. The machinery has become too delicate, too complicated, too world-encompassing. Maybe it was once true, a hundred and fifty years ago, that the sum total of the immoral actions of selfish men produced a social good. It is no longer true. Maybe once, societally speaking, if wolf ate wolf long enough and hard enough, you produced a race of intelligent dogs. Not now. Pretty soon we are just going to have a world populated by dead wolves.

Towards the end of his life, H. G. Wells remarked that "something very queer was creeping over human affairs." He saw a kind of foolish dishonesty, a perverse lust for physical and moral violence, and a total lack of respect for the integrity of the personality invading every walk of life, all the relationships of men, individual and global. He seemed to be not only troubled, but puzzled. In his own *In the Days of the Comet*, the earth passes through the tail of a comet and a beneficent gas fills the atmosphere and makes all men good overnight. You feel that he suspected something very similar might have come upon us unawares out of outer space, but that in actuality, the gas had turned out to be subtly and pervasively malignant. It is easy to see what he was getting at. Nobody sees it better today than the young student, his head filled with "the heritage of the ages," taught in school all the noblest aspirations of mankind, and brought face to face with the chaos of the world beyond the college gates. He's got to enter it, college will be over in a few months or years. He is entering it already fed up.

THINK OF THE great disasters of our time. They have all been the result of a steadily growing immoralism. You could start indefinitely back—with Bismarck's telegram or the Opium War—but think of what those men alive have experienced: the First World War itself; a vast "counter-revolutionary" offensive; the Versailles Treaty; Fascism and Nazism with their institutionalization of every shoddy and crooked paranoia; the Moscow Trials; the betrayal of Spain; Munich; the Second World War, with its noble utterances and its crooked deals; the horrible tale of fifteen years of peace and cold war; the Rosenbergs; the Hungarian Revolution; and, in the last few months, the rascality that has burst around our heads like exploding shrapnel—U-2, phony Summits, an orgy of irresponsibility and lies. This is the world outside the college gates. Millions of people are asked to enter it cheerfully each June, equipped with draft cards, social security cards, ballots, job-application blanks countersigned by David Sarnoff, J. Edgar Hoover, Allen W. Dulles, the family physician and the pastor of the neighborhood church. Is it surprising that a lot of them should turn away at the door of this banquet hall, turn in their tickets and say, "Sorry, I'm already fed up"?

Marx believed that our civilization was born in the arms of its own executioner, twins who were enemies in the womb. Certainly ours is the only great culture which, throughout its life, has been accompanied by a creative minority which rejected all its values and claims. Almost all others have had a huge majority who shared in few, if any, of the benefits of civilization. Slaves

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KENNETH REXROTH, author and poet, was one of the earliest "senior" supporters of the Beat movement, and has since become, in certain respects, one of its sternest critics. He recently completed a lecture tour of university campuses.

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and proletarians are nothing new, the words themselves are derived from another civilization. But a society which advances by means of an elite in permanent revolt and alienation is something new. In the last fifty years, this elite itself has slowly gone under; it, too, has been overwhelmed by the society it both led and subverted. *L'Homme Revolté* has come to the end of his tether. One by one he has compromised and been compromised by all his thousand programs. Nobody believes him any more, so he has become a commercial stereotype, along with the cowboy and the Indian, the private detective, the war hero, and the bison and all other extinct animals. As the agent at M.C.A. said to me three years back, "Revolt is the hottest commodity along The Street." The programs are used up and their promulgators are embarrassed. Youth is fed up with them, too. And why not? Hitler fulfilled the entire emergency program of the Communist Manifesto, and in addition made May Day a legal holiday.

FOR THE Bolsheviks, the good society would come automatically if the right power were applied to the right program. But power and program are not the question: what matters is the immediate realization of humane content, here, there, everywhere, in every fact and relationship of society. Today the brutal fact is that society cannot endure without this realization of humane content. The only way to realize it is directly, personally, in the immediate context. Anything else is not just too expensive; it is wrecking the machinery. Modern society is too complex and too delicate to afford social and political Darwinism any more. This means personal moral action. I suppose, if you wish to call it that, it means a spiritual revolution. Prophets and seers have been preaching the necessity for spiritual revolution for at least three thousand years and mankind has yet to come up with a bona fide one. But it is that kind of action and that kind of change that young people are demanding today.

Myself, past fifty, I cannot speak for the young. I am inclined to think they will fail. But that isn't the point. You might as well be a hero if society is going to destroy you anyway. There comes a time when courage and honesty become cheaper than anything else. And, who knows, you might win. The nuclear explosion that you could not prevent doesn't care whether you were brave or not. Virtue, they say, in itself is intrinsically enjoyable. You can lose nothing, then, by striking back.

Furthermore, just because the machine is so vast, so complex, it is far more sensitive than ever before. Individual action does tell. Give a tiny poke at one of the insignificant gears down in its bowels and slowly it begins to shudder all over and suddenly belches out hot rivets. It is a question of qualitative change. Thousands of men built the Pyramids. One punched card fed into a mechanical brain decides the gravest questions. A few punched cards operate whole factories. Modern society has passed the stage when it was a blind, mechanical monster. It is on the verge of becoming an infinitely responsive instrument.

SO THE first blows struck back were tiny, insignificant things. Not long after the last war, Bayard Rustin got on a bus in Chicago and headed south. When they crossed the Mason-Dixon Line, he stayed where he was. The cops took him off. He "went limp." They beat him into unconsciousness. They took him to jail and finally to a hospital. When he got out, he got on another bus and continued south. So it went, for months—sometimes jail, sometimes the hospital, sometimes they just kicked him into the ditch. Eventually he got to New Orleans. Eventually Jim Crow was abolished on interstate carriers. Individual non-violent direct action had invaded the South and won. The Southern Negro had been shown the only technique that had any possibility of winning.

Things simmered for a while and then, spontaneously, out of nowhere, the Montgomery bus boycott materialized. Every moment of the birth and growth of this historic action has been elaborately documented. Hour by hour we can study "the masses" acting by themselves. It is my modest, well considered opinion that Martin Luther King, Jr., is the most remarkable man the South has produced since Thomas Jefferson—since, in other words, it became "the South." Now the most remarkable thing about Martin Luther King is that he is not remarkable at all. He is just an ordinary minister of a middle-class Negro church (or what Negroes call "middle class," which is pretty poor by white standards). There are thousands of men like him all over Negro America. When the voice called, he was ready. He was ready because he was himself part of that voice. Professional, white-baiting Negroes who thrill millionairesses in night clubs in the North would call him a square. He was a brave square. He is the best possible demonstration of the tremendous untapped potential of humanity that the white South has thrown away all these years. He helped to focus that potential and exert it. It won.

No outside organizers formed the

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Montgomery Improvement Association. They came around later, but they could never quite catch up with it. It is pretty hard to "catch up with," to institutionalize, a movement which is simply the form that a whole community has assumed in action. Although the force of such action is shaped by group loyalty, in the final analysis it must always be individual and direct. You can't delegate either boycott or non-violence. A committee can't act for you, you have to act yourself.

The Montgomery bus boycott not only won where Negro Zealotism, as well as Uncle Tomism, had always failed, but it demonstrated something that had always sounded like sheer sentimentality. It is better, braver, far more effective and far more pleasurable, to act with love than with hate. When you have won, you have gained an unimpeachable victory. The material ends pass or are passed beyond. "Desegregated" buses seem natural in many Southern cities today. The guiltless moral victory remains, always as powerful as the day it was gained. Furthermore, each moral victory converts or neutralizes another block of the opponents' forces.

Before the Montgomery episode was over, Bayard Rustin and Martin Luther King had joined forces. Today they are world statesmen in a "shadow cabinet" that is slowly forming behind the wielders of power, and the advisers and auxiliary leaders in the councils of Negro Africa. At home in America, the Montgomery achievement has become the source from which has flowed the moral awakening, first, of Negro, and following them, of white youth.

EVERYTHING seemed to be going along nicely. According to the papers and most of their professors, 99 44/100 per cent of the nation's youth were cautiously preparing for the day when they could offer their young split-level brains to G.M., I.B.M., Oak Ridge or the Voice of America. Madison Avenue had discovered its own pet minority of revolt and tamed it into an obedient mascot. According to *Time, Life*, M.G.M. and the editors and publishers of a new, pseudo *avant-garde*, all the dear little rebels wanted to do was grow beards, dig jazz, take heroin and wreck other people's Cadillacs. While the exurbanite children sat with the baby sitter and thrilled to Wyatt Earp, their parents swooned in the aisles at *The Connection* or sat up past bedtime reading switch-blade novelists. The psychological mechanisms were the same in both cases—sure-fire, time-tested and shopworn.

But as a matter of fact, anyone with any sense traveling about the country lecturing on college campuses during the past five years, could tell that something very, very different was cooking. Time and again, hundreds of times, I have been asked by some well-dressed, unassuming, beardless student, "I agree with you completely, but what shall we, my generation, *do?*" To this question, I have never been able to give but one answer: "I am fifty. You are twenty. It is for you to tell me what to do. The only thing I can say is, don't do the things my generation did. They didn't work." A head of steam was building up, the waters were rising behind the dam; the dam itself, the block to action, was the patent exhaustion of the old forms. What was accumulating was not any kind of programmatic "radicalization," it was a moral demand.

Parenthetically, I might say that a legend of the Red Thirties was growing up, too. Let me say (and I was there): As far as practically every campus except C.C.N.Y. and N.Y.U. was concerned, the Red Thirties are pure myth. At the height of the great upsurge in California labor, led in its own imagination by the Communist Party, neither the Young Communist League nor the Young Peoples Socialist League was able to keep a functioning student cadre in continuous operation on the University of California campus. At least every four years they had to start all over again. And the leadership, the real bosses, were middle-aged party functionaries sent in from "The Center." One of them, bellowing with early senility, was to show up at the recent Un-American Activities Committee riot in San Francisco and scandalize the students.

The plain fact is that today students are incomparably better educated and more concerned than their elders. As the young do, they still tend to believe things written on paper. For the past five years, bull sessions have been discussing Kropotkin, Daniel De Leon, Trotsky, Gandhi, St. Simon, Plato—an incongruous mixture of the world's cat-bellers, looking for the answer. The gap between the generations has been closing up. Teaching them is a new group of young professors, too young to have been compromised by their actual role in the splendid thirties, themselves realistic-minded products of the G.I. Bill; and neither ex-dupes nor ex-fellow travelers, but serious scholars of the radical past. It is only just recently that they have come up, only just recently that the creative minority of students has stopped assuming that just because a man stood at a podium he was *ipso facto* a fraud. So the head of steam built up, the waters mounted behind the dike.

AND THEN one day four children walked into a dime store in a small Southern city and pulled out the plug. Four children picked up the massive chain of the Social Lie and snapped it at its weakest link. Everything broke loose.

Children had won at Little Rock, but they had not initiated the action, they had been caught in the middle in a conflict of equally dishonest political forces, and they had won only a token victory. All the world had marveled at those brave young faces, beautiful under the taunts and spittle. If they had not stood fast, the battle would have been lost; it was their bravery alone that won it. But it was a battle officered by their elders, and like all the quarrels amongst their elders nowadays, it ended in a morally meaningless compromise.

From the first sit-ins, the young have kept the command in their own hands. No "regularly constituted outside authority" has been able to catch up with them. The sit-ins swept the South so rapidly that it

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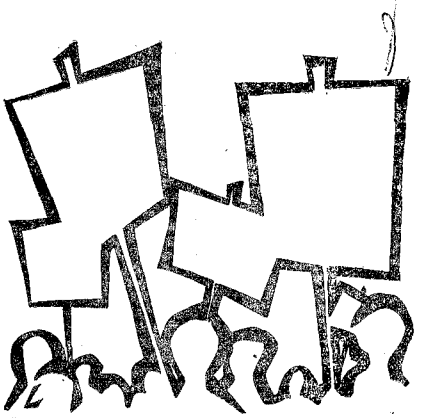
was impossible to catch up with them physically, but it was even harder for routinized bureaucrats with vested interests in race relations and civil liberties to catch up with them ideologically. The whole spring went by before the professional leaders began to get even a glimmering of what was happening. In the meantime, the old leadership was being pushed aside. Young ministers just out of the seminary, maverick young teachers in Jim Crow colleges, choir mistresses and school marms and Sunday school teachers in all the small cities of the South, pitched in and helped—and let the students lead *them,* without bothering to "clear it with Roy." In a couple of months, the NAACP found itself with a whole new cadre sprung up from the grass roots.

The only organization which understood what was going on was CORE, the Committee On Racial Equality, organized years ago in an evacuated Japanese flat, "Sakai House," in San Francisco, by Bayard Rustin, Caleb Foote and a few others, as a direct-action, race-relations offshoot of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (the FOR) and the Friends Service Committee. CORE was still a small group of intellectual enthusiasts and there simply weren't enough people to go around. To this day, most Negroes know little more of CORE than its name, which they have seen in the Negro press, and the bare fact that its program is direct, non-violent action. This didn't deter the high school and college students in the Jim Crow high schools and colleges in Raleigh and Durham. They set up their own direct non-violent action organization and in imitation of CORE gave it a name whose initials spelled a word, COST. Soon there were COST "cells" in remote hill-country high schools, complete with codes, hand signals, couriers, all the apparatus of youthful enthusiasm. Needless to say, the very words frightened the older Negro leadership out of its wits.

The police hosed and clubbed the sit-inners, the Uncle Tom presidents of the captive Jim Crow colleges expelled them in droves, white students came South and insisted on



being arrested along with the Negroes, sympathy picket lines were thrown in front of almost every chain variety store in almost every college town in the North. Even some stores with no branches in the South, and no lunch counters anywhere, found themselves picketed until they cleared themselves of any implication of Jim Crow.

THE EFFECT on the civilized white minority in the South was extraordinary. All but a few had gone on accepting the old stereotypes. There were good Negroes, to be sure, but they didn't want to mix. The majority were ignorant, violent, bitter, half-civilized, incapable of planned, organized action, happy in Jim Crow. "It would take another two hundred years." In a matter of weeks, in thousands of white brains, the old stereotypes exploded. Here were the Negro children of servants, sharecroppers and garbagemen — "their" servants and sharecroppers and garbagemen who had always been content with their place, directly engaged in the greatest controlled moral action the South had ever seen. They were quiet, courteous, full of good will to those who abused them; and they sang, softly, all together, under the clubs and firehoses, "We will not be moved." Long protest walks of silent Negroes, two abreast, filed through the provincial capitals. A major historical moral issue looked into the eyes of thousands of white spectators in Southern towns which were so locked in "our way of life" that they were unaware they lived in a great world. The end of Jim Crow suddenly seemed both near and inevitable. It is a profoundly disturbing thing to find yourself suddenly thrust upon the stage of history.

I was at the first Louisiana sit-in with a girl from the local paper who had interviewed me that morning. She was typical, full of dying prejudices, misinformation and superstitious fears. But she knew it. She was trying to change. Well, the sit-in did a good job of changing her. It was terrific. A group of well-bred, sweet-faced kids from Southern University filed into the dime store, hand in hand, fellows and girls in couples, and sat down quietly. Their faces were transfused with quiet, innocent dedication. They looked like the choir coming into a fine Negro church. They weren't served. They sat quietly, talking together. Nobody, spectators or participants, raised his voice. In fact, most of the bystanders didn't even stare rudely. When the police came, the youngsters spoke softly and politely, and once again, fellows and girls hand in hand, they filed out, singing a hymn, and got in the paddy wagon.

The newspaper girl was shaken to her shoes. Possibly it was the first time in her life she had ever faced what it meant to be a human being. She came to the faculty party for me at Louisiana State that night. Her flesh was still shaking and she couldn't stop talking. She had come up against one of the big things of life and she was going to be always a little different afterwards.

THE RESPONSE on the campuses of the white colleges of the South was immediate. There had always been inter-racial committees and clubs around, but they had been limited to a handful of eccentrics. These increased tremendously, and involved large numbers of quite normal students. Manifestations of sympathy with the sit-ins and joint activities with nearby Negro schools even came to involve student government and student union bodies. Editorials in college papers, with almost no exceptions, gave enthusiastic support. Believe me, it is quite an experience to eat dinner with a fraternity at a fashionable

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Southern school and see a can to collect money for CORE at the end of the table.

More important than sympathy actions for and with the Negroes, the sit-ins stimulated a similar burst, a run-away brush fire, of activity for all sorts of other aims. They not only stimulated the activity, they provided the form and in a sense the ideology. Non-violent direct action popped up everywhere — so fast that even the press wire services could no longer keep track of it, although they certainly played it up as the hottest domestic news of the day. The actions dealt with a few things: compulsory ROTC, peace, race relations, civil liberties, capital punishment — all, in the final analysis, moral issues. In no case were they concerned with politics in the ordinary sense of the word.

HERE THE ROTC marched out to troop the colors and found a line of students sitting down across the parade ground. In another school, a protest march paraded around and through and between the ranks of the marching ROTC, apparently to everybody's amusement. In other schools, the faculty and even the administration and, in one place, the governor joined in protest rallies against ROTC. There were so many peace and disarmament meetings and marches it is impossible to form a clear picture — they seem to have taken place everywhere and, for the first time, to have brought out large numbers. Off-campus, as it were, the lonely pacifists who had been sitting out the civil-defense propaganda stunt in New York, called their annual "sit out" and were dumbfounded at the turn-out. For the first time, too, the court and even the police weakened. Few were arrested.

The Chessman execution provoked demonstrations, meetings, telegrams, on campuses all over the country. In Northern California, the "mass base" of all forms of protest was among the students and the younger teachers. They provided the cadre, circulated petitions, sent wires, interviewed the Governor, and kept up a continuous vigil at the gates of San Quentin. All this activity was unquestionably spontaneous. At no time did the ACLU or the regular anti-capital-punishment organizations initiate, or even take part in, any mass action, whatever else they may have done. Chessman, of course, had a tremendous appeal to youth; he was young, he was an intellectual, even an artist of sorts; before his arrest he had been the kind of person they could recognize, if not approve of, among themselves. He was not very different from the hero of *On the Road*, who happened to be locked up in San Quentin along with him. As his life drew to a close, he showed a beautiful magnanimity in all he did or said. On all the campuses of the country — of the world, for that matter — he seemed an almost typical example of the alienated and outraged youthful "delinquent" of the post-World War II era—the product of a delinquent society. To the young who refused to be demoralized by society, it appeared that that society was killing him only to sweep its own guilt under the rug. I think almost everyone (Chessman's supporters included) over thirty-five, seriously underestimates the psychological effect of the Chessman case on the young.

AT ALL POINTS, the brutal reactionary tendencies in American life were being challenged, not on a political basis, Left versus Right, but because of their patent dishonesty and moral violence. The most spectacular challenge was the riot at the hearing of the Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco. There is no question but that this was a completely spontaneous demonstration. The idea that Communist agitators provoked it is ludicrous. True, all that were left of the local Bolsheviks turned out, some thirty of them — Stalinists and the two groups of Trotskyites. Even the "youth leader" who, twenty-eight years before, at the age of thirty, had been assigned to lead the Y.C.L., showed up and roared and stomped incoherently, and provided comic relief. Certainly no one took him seriously. There was one aspect about the whole thing that was not spontaneous. That was the work of the committee. They planned it that way. Over the protests and warnings of the city administration, they deliberately framed up a riot. When the riot came, it was the cops who lost their nerve and rioted, if rioting means uncontrolled mob violence. The kids sat on the floor with their hands in their pockets and sang, "We shall not be moved."

Spectacular as it was, there are actions more important than the San Francisco riot. Here and there about the country, lonely, single individuals have popped up out of nowhere and struck their blows. It is almost impossible to get information about draft resisters, non-registrants, conscientious objectors, but here and there one pops up in the local press or, more likely, in the student press.

Even more important are the individual actions of high school students whom only a hopeless paranoiac could believe anybody had organized. A sixteen-year-old boy, in Queens, and then three in the Bronx, refused to sign loyalty oaths to get their diplomas. As kudos are distributed in a New York suburban high school, a boy gets up and rejects an award from the American Legion. Everybody is horrified at his bad manners. A couple of days later two of his prizes are offered to the two runners-up, who reject them in turn. This is spontaneous direct action if ever there was. And the important thing about it is that in all these cases, these high school kids have made it clear that they do not object to either loyalty oaths or the American Legion because they are "reactionary," but because they are morally contemptible.

THE NEGRO faculties and presidents of the Jim Crow colleges who not only opposed the sit-ins, but expelled dozens of the sit-inners, now found themselves faced with deserted campuses. They were overtaken by a tremendous groundswell of approval of their youngsters' actions from Negro parents, and were dumbfounded by the sympathy shown by a broad strata of the

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white South. One by one they swung around, until Uncle Toms who had expelled students taking part in sit-ins during their Easter vacations in other states, went on public record as saying, "If your son or daughter telephones you and says he or she has been arrested in a sit-in, get down on your knees and thank God."

Not only did the New Revolt of Youth become the hottest domestic copy in years, but it reached the ears of all the retired and semi-retired and comfortably fixed pie-card artists of every lost and every long-since-won cause of the labor and radical movements. Everybody shouted, "Myself when young!" and pitched in with application blanks. The AFL-CIO sent out a well-known leader of the Esperanto movement who reported that the kids were muddled and confused and little interested in the trade-union movement which they, mistakenly in his opinion, thought of as morally compromised. YPSL chapters of the Thomasite Socialists rose from the graves of twenty years. Youth experts with theories about what their grandchildren were talking about went on cross-country tours. "Dissent" had a subscription drive. The Trotskyites came up with programs. Everybody got in the act — except, curiously, the Communists. As a matter of fact, back in a dusty office in New York, they were grimly deadlocked in their last factional fight. Although the movement was a spontaneous outburst of direct non-violent action, it didn't quite please the libertarians and pacifists. They went about straightening everybody out, and *Liberation* came out with an article defining the correct Line and pointing out the errors of the ideologically immature.

AS THE KIDS go back to school this fall, this is going to be the greatest danger they will face — all these eager helpers from the other side of the age barrier, all these cooks, each with a time-tested recipe for the broth. All over the world this kind of ferment is stewing on college campuses. In Korea and Japan and Turkey the students have marched and brought down governments and humbled the President of the greatest power in history. So far the movement is still formless, a world-wide upheaval of disgust. Even in Japan, the Zengakuren, which does have a sort of ideology — the Left communism against which Lenin wrote his famous pamphlet — has only been able to act as a cheer leader. It has failed to impose its leadership, its organization, or its principles on the still chaotic upsurge. In France, the official Neo-Gandhian Movement, in alliance with certain sections of the Catholic Left, does seem to have given some sort of shape and leadership. I am inclined to think that this is due to the almost total ignorance of French youth of this generation — they had to go to the official sources for information and guidance, they just didn't have enough, themselves, to get started.

Is this in fact a "political" upsurge? It isn't now — it is a great moral rejection, a kind of mass vomit. Everybody in the world knows that we are on the verge of extinction and nobody does anything about it. The kids are fed up. The great problems of the world today are immediate world-wide peace, immediate race equality, and immediate massive assistance to the former colonial peoples. All of them could be started toward solution by a few decisive acts of moral courage amongst the boys at the top of the heap. Instead, the leaders of the two ruling nations abuse each other like little boys caught out behind the barn. Their apologists stage elaborate military and ideological defenses of Marxian socialism and laissez-faire capitalism, neither of which has ever existed on the earth or ever will exist. While the Zengakuren howls in the streets, Khrushchev delivers a speech on the anniversary of Lenin's "Leftism, an Infantile Disorder" and uses it to attack — Mao! Meanwhile a boy gets up in a New York suburban school and contemptuously hands back his "patriotic" prize. He is fed up.

NEW LIFE for OLD WEAPONS . . *by Carl Dreher*

THE JUNE *Fortune* devotes a long and moving article to the financial perplexities of the aerospace industry, which depends on the military for 80-85 per cent of its sales. For these gentlemen the U-2 incident and its sequelae were a gift from heaven. In their official capacity they wasted little time on the moral or political aspects; their single-minded devotion to the cardinal rule of business is exemplified by the industry figure who, referring to Thomas J. Lanphier's efforts to up the military budget, was quoted as saying, "I think he's making a damn fool of himself, but I'm all for it. It's good for business and I'm glad it's happening." The U-2 is good for business, too.

One of the immediate beneficiaries is likely to be North American Aviation, whose president, John Leland Atwood, wept when the B-70 Valkyrie bomber was canceled as a weapons system in December, 1959. Discussing the pros and cons in *The Nation* ("Pie in the Sky," February 13, 1960), I concluded, "Valkyrie may have life in her yet." She has. As the U-2 came down, Valkyrie's stock went up. "I think recent events prove the ease of penetration," said Gen. Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, and from this he deduced that the B-70 could escape missile-defense fire and should be put into production. Editorial opinion rallied behind the General.

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"The U.S. has on the drawing boards a 2,000-mph bomber, the B-70," said *Life* (June 13, 1960), "which could fly higher than 70,000 feet and approach the altitude of the famed U-2. . . . With Khrushchev now heating up the cold war, the U.S. should not neglect a weapon which can so strengthen its deterrent power."

The Eisenhower Administration cut back the B-70 to two stripped prototypes precisely because it was still on the drawing boards and could not be ready for combat till 1965 or 1968 (depending on who is estimating). What the Air Force and CIA got away with in 1956-1960 with a fleet of high-altitude sailplanes is no guide to what will happen in 1966-1970 with a fleet of high-altitude supersonic bombers, even if they perform as well in the stratosphere as on the drawing boards. Years before the B-70 can be operational, the Russians will be able to shoot it down — it or any other aircraft (but not rockets). In fact, as always happens with a technical innovation, the U-2 alerted the Russians to the need for better anti-aircraft defense (just as the threat of the *Luftwaffe* stimulated British progress in radar in the thirties) and gave them a kind of prophylaxis against a future B-70. The Eisenhower decision to cut back the B-70 was sound, and Secretary Gates knows it, but technological considerations are likely to be overridden in the present political atmosphere. The chances are that the B-70 will be reinstated as a weapons system, at least temporarily, to the great joy of North American and its network of 10,000 subcontractors and vendors. If the U-2 (developed and manufactured by Lockheed) had performed no other service, it would still be a great success from the business standpoint. It has extended the life and profitability of the aero section of the aerospace industry.

THE SPACE section is happy too, for, as *Missiles and Rockets* says, "You can't practice brinkmanship on the one hand and plump for disarmament on the other." The fiscal 1961 budget, now standing at $9.5 billion for the over-all missiles-space program, is probably on the way to $11 billion or more. Some of this will go for Midas and Samos space vehicles (see Donald W. Cox: "Overflight by Satellite," *The Nation*, June 4, 1960), which will make reconnaissance aircraft obsolete, just as missiles will eventually supplant bombers.

About the Author

With this article Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, continues his survey for The Nation *of the political and social implications of the technological-arms race (see* The Nation *for Nov. 16, 1957; Feb. 1, 1958; Sept. 6, 1958; Dec. 13, 1958; May 9, 1959; June 20, 1959; Feb. 13, 1960).*

Midas, for which Lockheed is the prime contractor, is a satellite designed to carry an infra-red detecting device which will relay evidence of missile launchings. One Midas is already in orbit. Samos (likewise Lockheed) is a photographic and television satellite which, the Air Force predicts, will be able to show an airplane on the ground from an altitude of 300 miles and will send back pictures as good as, or better than, those the U-2 was able to provide at thirteen miles. Lyndon Johnson, Senate Majority Leader, Presidential aspirant, specialist in crash programs, and leading exponent of the theory that technological progress is directly proportional to money appropriated, has called for an immediate, large-scale program to build and launch Samos-type satellites. He proposes that the United States "put a television camera on the rest of the world and then make available its results to all members of the United Nations."

Though scarcely calculated to bring back the glow of affection to the cheeks of Nikita Khrushchev, these are mellifluous words for the developers and manufacturers of the coming brood of surveillance systems. For them, the gates of paradise opened at the moment when Lieutenant Powers plunged earthwards and decided not to die for Lockheed and CIA. It would be unfair to suggest that they would have shot him down themselves, but the fact remains that their fondest hopes were realized when the Russians did it for them.

However, while the bigger and faster spending has already begun (the Senate Appropriations Committee voted on June 10 to increase by $84 million the funds earmarked to "perfect" Samos), the perfected or near-perfected spy satellite is not expected to be ready for three or four years, during which the United States will be imperiled by a "renaissance gap." No one should be alarmed, however: it is unlikely that the Air Force will long tolerate such a hiatus. General Eisenhower's order to suspend the U-2 flights holds only for the remainder of his term and the Air Force may be able to do what it deems necessary even if the order is not withdrawn.

THE ORDER applies only to the Soviet Union and not to other U-2 operations. The U-2 squadrons based near Tokyo and Adana, Turkey, were manned by personnel under contract to Lockheed or other "civilian" firms and took their orders "primarily" from CIA, but in the Western Hemisphere U-2 flights were, and still are, carried on by Air Force personnel, nor have these flights been discontinued. According to *Aviation Week* (May 30, 1960), three U-2s of the Strategic Air Command were to fly during June from Ezeiza International Airport, near Buenos Aires, to measure radiation in the upper atmosphere in connection with a USAF-AEC-Argentine Government research program. These SAC U-2s were based at Laughlin AFB, Del Rio, Texas. Other U-2 flights, under Air Research and Development Command direction, were out of Edwards AFB in California. One need not be unduly suspicious to envision assignment of Air Force U-2s to bases in Taiwan, Okinawa, Alaska or other suitable points for strategic reconnaissance over Red China, Siberia and even European Russia, whenever the Air Force feels that the country is imperiled. If arrangements cannot be made for future

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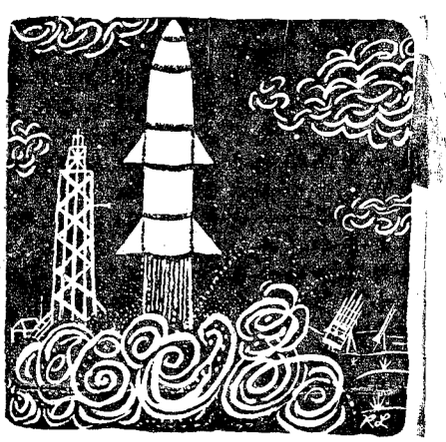
landings in neutral countries, it may be feasible to build U-3s capable of refueling over international waters, or for rendezvous with surface ships and ditching. The Air Force is nothing if not resourceful and may have more surprises in store for us.

YET, FOR ALL the rejoicing in the aerospace industry and the opportunity for all good Americans to luxuriate once more in uninhibited belligerence, the U-2 incident and its sequelae do not bode well for the future of the Western alliance. Could anyone but a political idiot conclude that the cohesion of the NATO-SEATO-CENTO conglomerate has been "strengthened" by an exhibition of disorientation in the highest circles of American government that would make the manager of a five-and-ten blush? Or that a display of grotesque ineptitude in international public relations, coming from the very homeland of systematic opinion-molding, would excite admiration among statesmen not inexperienced in the arts of diplomatic jujitsu? The only ones who can approve of the results of the performance which began on May 2 (and is still not over) are the Nationalist Chinese and the West Germans, and they must think us fools.

Further damage has been done by the revelation, underlying the amateurish lies and rationalizations, of the inflexible American determination to continue the cold war indefinitely. Khrushchev may be by turns a clown, a blowhard and a statesman, but over-all he gives the impression of wanting peace. His opposite numbers in the United States do not want a hot war — they are not lunatics — but the picture they present to the world is that of men who fear both peace and war and so, eschewing radical ideas and difficult adjustments, tend to pursue the course in between, that of the cold war which has become a principal prop of their economy and their chief means of keeping political control.

Other manifestations which followed in the wake of the U-2 are technological in nature. As their implications sink in, they will tend to promote neutralist sentiment in many of the countries formally committed to the Western cause. One is the fact that neither specialized aircraft, satellites nor any other conceivable instrumentality can give warning against surprise attack. The engineers may improve the cameras until they can photograph a kiddy-car at 300,000 miles, but what will be the good of it? They will not be able to photograph the thoughts of the men in the blockhouse, or the schemes of the statesmen who (it is hoped) will still have control of their own nerves and those of their button-pushers. The engines of annihilation are poised and ready. All that aerial or spatial photography can tell us is where they are located, so that if the birds fly, annihilation will (it is hoped) be mutual. But neither unilateral reconnaissance nor "open skies" agreements, if they could be arrived at, would guard against surprise attack. When long-range missiles speeding at 15,000 mph became available, surprise attack became feasible and, to some mentalities, tempting. There is only one cure: disarmament, beginning with the means of delivery of nuclear explosives.

ANOTHER lesson of the U-2 is that the difficulties of developing an anti-missile missile are, as many experts contend, simply insuperable. It took the Russians four years to bring a U-2 down; even so, by all indications, Powers was far below his normal cruising altitude when they finally scored a near-miss. The Nike-Hercules, our own defense against



aircraft, can probably do better, but the troubles with the Air Force's Bomarc, a $3 billion failure, and with Sage, show how difficult it is to extend the range of these systems beyond present bomber ceilings of about 40,000 feet. Undoubtedly it can be done up to the limits of aerodynamic flight, but missiles present incomparably greater problems: the U-2 flew at some thirteen miles above the earth, the missile will be several hundred miles up; the U-2 was moving at subsonic speed, the missile will be falling at some twenty times the speed of sound. Where there was one U-2, there will be a large number of ICBMs, each with its flock of decoys. The tracking-radar-computer system will have the task of locking on to and examining all these objects, deciding which are targets and which are decoys, calculating the trajectories of the targets, assigning an interceptor missile to each target, giving each station the command to launch at exactly the right instant, then guiding the interceptor on a collision course. Besides this there are innumerable intercommunication problems of hitherto unheard-of complexity and, since the computation system cannot be left entirely to its own devices, there are also problems of human monitoring and manual override. And all this must be done in a period of some five minutes at the end of the ICBM flight! Disarmament could hardly be more difficult.

SAC COMMANDER General T. S. Power has estimated that 150 Soviet ICBMs and an equal number of IRBMs could wipe out our retaliatory forces; he suggests that the Soviets may already possess that many. Material published in the United States gives the co-ordinates of ten Soviet ICBM bases, combat-ready or under construction, and thirty IRBM bases. It is estimated that the ICBM bases could hold from 100 to 300 missiles, the IRBM bases from 300 to 600. The Soviets are also known to possess 3,000-mile TCBMs, and they are said to have missile plants in at least seventeen cities.

Our complement of operational

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intercontinental missiles is unimportant strategically, and we have relatively few IRBMs ready to fire. But plans for 1965 call for 132 Atlas, 126 Titan, 236 Polaris and between 600 and 1,200 Minuteman missiles, making a total of 1,100 to 1,700. Our chief offensive weapon of the moment is the B-47, B-52 and B-58 bomber force of the SAC, all with ceilings well within ground-to-air rocket range. Although their losses would be high, our bombers could probably wipe out some Soviet metropolitan areas and vital installations. By 1965, and probably somewhat earlier, parity in annihilation capability is in prospect.

If the Russians are really bent on our destruction, what are they waiting for? Now is the time to hit us. The U-2 would have given the pretext. But all Khrushchev did was hold press conferences and accuse us of warmongering and unwillingness to disarm.

Are they waiting, perhaps, for the moment when the ratio of their obliteration capability to ours will be a maximum? Our people do not seem to think so. Skyscrapers are being erected in unprecedented numbers at the bull's-eye centers of our cities, our civil-defense arrangements remain a joke, pleas to build private fallout shelters are almost unanimously ignored, and a stoppage of theatrical performances in New York City rated headlines as big as the blowup at the Summit. We keep on having babies and paying life insurance premiums. Evidently we expect the war to remain one of threat and demonstration.

BUT though the chances of war by calculation may be small, the chances of war by accident are appreciable. In that event, the peril of Europe is greater than that of the United States, for IRBMs deployed toward Britain, Scandinavia and other European areas are more numerous than ICBMs. That Britain, for example, would be wiped out in the first few minutes of a nuclear war is now quite certain. The Japanese have been reckoning with a similar situation. As Arthur Krock writes in *The New York Times* (June 19, 1960), "The downing of the U-2 in Soviet Russia, just as the Summit conference of 1960 was preparing to assemble in Paris, exposed an official policy of the United States Government that was precisely what the anti-treaty forces in Japan needed." If there is to be a holocaust, they would like to stay out of it; they remember Hiroshima as no Westerner can remember it.

At the end of World War II, the United States possessed about 50 per cent of the total industrial capacity of the world; this, rather than love of freedom, is the reason it was able to assume leadership of the Western world. The United States still enjoys preponderant industrial and technological strength, and as long as this lasts no mass desertion of allies is in prospect. But a *de jure* alliance is one thing, a *de facto* alliance quite another. Avowals of eternal friendship are meaningless: if there were true solidarity, it would not require so much protestation. The fact is that the alliance is already weakened; by all indications nothing but troubled years lie ahead.

Journalistic sleight-of-hand has converted the U-2 incident into a Madison Avenue victory for the United States. Actually, it was a setback of crucial proportions. Mr. Lanphier thinks we are already "in the process of losing World War III," that we are "in jeopardy of physical destruction." I don't believe it, nor, judging by their actions, do the great majority of Americans. But if he had said we are losing the cold war, I would agree with him, and I would cite the U-2 incident as marking the turning point where it became obvious to everyone but the President and the State Department that we could not win it.

CHINA VERSUS RUSSIA . . *by Alexandre Metaxas*

ON JUNE 4, General Hsiao Hua, Deputy Chief of Political Affairs of the Chinese Red Army, declared: "To be afraid of war, to oppose even just wars . . . would result not only in the lessening of our will to fight, but would also increase the insolence of our adversaries." Thus the policy of peace at all costs among peoples of good faith, as professed by the Kremlin over the last decade, seems to be under energetic attack by Peking's leaders. But Red China's belligerence must be put into proper context in order correctly to be understood.

Peking's immediate goal is recognition by the West and an end to the quarantine in which she has been cast for the last eleven years. During the Geneva negotiations on Indo-China in 1954, Chou En-lai acquired a taste for contact with Western diplomats, especially with Eden. At the time, the Chinese thought the negotiations might inaugurate a new era of broad agreement between themselves and the West. The hope proved abortive; the Dulles policies thrust China back into isolation — an isolation that has since been intensified as the result of developments in Formosa, Tibet, the Indian frontier regions. Then came Camp David, and to Chinese eyes these Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks seemed to cement in place the last brick of the wall now surrounding their country.

Under these circumstances, it is easy to understand why the Chinese

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greeted with joy the deterioration of U.S.-Soviet relations after Camp David, and especially the debacle at the Summit. But this does not mean that China is seeking total rupture with the capitalist world. Quite the contrary. What Peking cannot understand, and strongly resents, is that the capitalist United States, which maintains correct if not always friendly relations with Nasser's United Arab Republic, Indonesia, Iraq, the independent republics of Africa, yet remains adamant on China. Despite widespread speculation to the contrary, I believe that Chinese diplomats who now speak of "Yankee imperialism" and "just wars" would quickly change their tune were the American Ambassador in Warsaw to announce to his Chinese colleague that Washington was prepared to open negotiations leading to the recognition of China, her admission to the U.N. and her participation in the next Summit.

What Mao Tse-tung reproached Khrushchev about, after Camp David, was the Soviet Premier's apparent willingness to "settle matters" with the West behind China's back — or, at any rate, without her participation. There are also psychological factors involved, some of them highly personal. Mao believes that he is not only the Lenin and Stalin of China, but the "Pope" of the Communist world; did he not abandon the Presidency of the Republic to devote himself to the ideological direction of Communist theory?

But the Chinese Lenin does not neglect the interests of his country. For he wants Peking not only to be admitted to the U.N. and to be recognized by the United States, but to be identified as co-leader, with India, of the Asian continent; and, ultimately, he looks to the day when China will replace the USSR as ideological and political leader of the Communist world and will eliminate India from the "duumvirate" of Asia.

Here, of course, lies the crucial disagreement between the Soviet Union and China.

There appears to have been some misunderstanding, I think, of the role played by the Soviet military in Sino-Soviet relations. Most observers believe that the Russian military collaborated with Peking in putting pressure on Khrushchev to "wreck the Summit." My own conviction is that the Soviet military have little use for what they consider to be the "adventurous" policies of Peking; that, increasingly, the Soviet military leadership is becoming the symbol of "eternal Russia," destined to give priority to the "nation" rather than to the "party." Indeed, if the battle inside the Kremlin between the partisans of a Western rapprochement and those of the "alliance with China at any price" becomes too violent, it would not be surprising if the Russian marshals and scientists took over, leaving the party ideologists to their reveries and sending the partisans of Mao back to China.

For Khrushchev, the need for an understanding with the West becomes more urgent precisely to the degree that the Soviet military turns nationalistic. Mao and Chou quite understand the situation, and despite their quarrel with the Soviet Premier, they would rather see him in the Kremlin than a committee of marshals, with no political convictions, determined to keep Russia out of any adventures that China might provoke. So their problem is to influence Khrushchev without precipitating a fight within the Kremlin which might prove their undoing.

IN THIS context, Peking's provocative policies toward the United States become understandable. By creating incidents in Formosa and in Japan, the Chinese leaders hope to obtain two results: (1) put Khrushchev in the position where he must support Peking and thus put an end to "coexistence" in the Russian sense of an exclusive Soviet-U.S. agreement, or else appear to be betraying the Communist cause; (2) force the United States to accept Peking's participation in the direction of world affairs (and, perhaps, recover Formosa into the bargain).

China's ill humor and threats have but one purpose: to obtain from the American "capitalists" the official acknowledgment that Communist China exists, and that she rates a role in the shaping of the world's future.

The current violent anti-American demonstrations in Japan, led by Socialists, have as their immediate pretext the Japanese-U.S. treaty. But the heart of the problem is economic, and the Socialists are getting discreet support from certain Japanese industrialists who want freedom to reach certain trade arrangements with China. What is in their minds is a kind of Sino-Japanese "common market" which would unite Chinese raw materials with Japanese industrial power. The result could well be production at so low a price as to constitute a challenge not only to Western exports, but also to Russian.

SINO-RUSSIAN economic rivalry is already marked, especially in underdeveloped areas. In Africa, and particularly in Morocco and Guinea, Chinese and Soviet commercial delegations are fighting for markets. In Morocco, the competition is taking on brutal aspects reminiscent of Franco-German rivalry in that area in 1912. At the moment the Russians, aided by East German and Czechoslovak production, are in the lead, especially since the quality of China's goods is relatively poor. But the markets are the important thing—markets which could one day be invaded by the Sino-Japanese "pool."

Meanwhile, it would appear that Peking and Moscow are reacting to international developments without regard to the results of the American elections. But the elections could prove a turning point. It is quite possible that after November a sort of rivalry may arise between Moscow and Peking, each seeking the favors of the next United States Government, whatever it may be. Despite the present outlook, it is possible that Red China, in certain circumstances, might seek to establish a policy of coexistence with the United States—a coexistence which would compete with that proposed by the Soviet Union to the West. In a world of dynamic and changing forces, one must be prepared for surprises.

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England's Toughest Community

WEEKEND IN DINLOCK. By Clancy Sigal. Houghton Mifflin Co. 197 pp. $3.

Ted Hughes

THIS is a valuable book. It is a documentary of life at present in the grimmest type of South Yorkshire coal-mining village, and I know nothing like it.

The form is simple: the author, an American, sets out to record his impressions on two weekend visits, six months apart, to the home of his friend Davie, a Dinlock miner. Davie is a face-worker — one of the hard core, the elite of the pit hierarchy — but he is also a painter recognized by the London art world. He is determined to leave the pit and the village, which he claims are killing him, and somehow keep his wife and three children by his painting. His wife, his friends, his own blood are against him, and the conflict is breaking him down: he keeps going on benzedrine and codeine. Finally he cracks and goes back to the pit. This story betrays Sigal only once — in the forced coincidence that on his underground tour he meets Davie, whom he believed to have finished with the pit altogether, back at work on the coal-face. Elsewhere, his account of Davie's inner fight enables him to give shape and dramatic emphasis to his real subject, which is Dinlock — one of the most fiercely individual and probably toughest communities left in England.

Dinlock and its people are, as the author says in his foreword, a composite of many such South Yorkshire communities: "a sum of what I wish to say about what I saw." That being so, it is remarkable that he should create such a figure as Davie, who could so easily have been merely an aesthetic misfit for the author's purposes. In fact, Davie is the most formidable collier in the book, and the psychological complications of a jealous artistic gift shut within a life-size collier's temperament are worked out without a false note. Given this, the laboring life, home life and recreation of the pit-workers grow into place convincingly.

Bolton is perhaps as good as Davie. Bolton is "*de facto* mayor of Dinlock, the big cheese full of himself and wondrous works, the Lord High Fixer and Arbitrator, the Public Figure, full-time branch union treasurer." He takes a fatherly interest in Davie and it is mainly through him that Dinlock brings to bear the pressure under which Davie finally breaks. Bolton is nearly half the book: in his presence the large and general questions are aired naturally. He opens the intricacies of pit and village politics to Sigal and eventually conducts him on a tour of the mine. Both Bolton and Davie are true individuals, not generalized in the slightest; and neither of them could well occur anywhere in England but in a South Yorkshire mining town.

AFTER a tour of several colliers' homes — or of several colliers' living rooms, two paces by four — Sigal goes for a drink. A collier's Saturday night relaxation in Dinlock consists of a straight walk to one of the two pubs (called clubs, having membership), then pints, billiards, pints, tombola, a walk to the other pub, pints and argument, a walk back to the first, then pints, argument, pints, singing, pints, fighting, stagger home, quarrels, fornication, fights. Fifteen pints a night is not unusual. All this goes on in a fine whip of touchy self-respect, a display of the brutal masculine virtues, and discussion in highly readable form of such matters as imported foreign labor, which everyone hates, Russia and her mining methods, which interest everyone (they tend to feel strong liking for Russia), the National Coal Board, which everyone distrusts, the union, which they deal with only on their own terms, then wages, working hours and the inferiority of all other pits.

Throughout, Sigal conveys the subtle and cruel web of relationships which decides each man's attitude to every other — and in this community these rules are as "strict as in a monastery or military academy." Behind the men appear mistreated wives, old at thirty, full of resentment and endless gossip of pregnancies, alert for a quick encounter. Sigal has a sharp eye for the details that generate the peculiar atmosphere of such places as Dinlock: the sooty, sulphurous half-light, the "semi-conscious dread of the unceasing dreariness," the shadow of the pit head that, like a communal super-ego, looks into every corner of the village.

The second part of the book, the second weekend, is devoted to a trip down the pit and the denouement of the Davie story. The trip down is a nightmarishly impressive piece of writing and a completion, a consummation, of all that has gone before: it is from the strange bond that exists between these men underground, from the hanging danger, and from the stroke of the pick head into the coal-face that this society draws its temper, its extraordinary reality. Sigal sees this and presents it convincingly.

THE writing ranges flexibly from pretty formal documentary ("The issue came to a head a while back when the N.C.B., which had invited Hungarian refugees to take a course in English mining customs, logically attempted to place the Hungarians in the pit") through direct description to easy anecdote ("Kathleen the mother slightly addled and proudly showing off her new Health Service teeth, removing them from her mouth and passing them around for our inspection. We agree they are smashing"). He avoids naturally what any English writer would have ruined his book trying to avoid: romantic glorification of the horrors of such places as Dinlock, or short-sighted condescension. His objectivity comes out in the conversation which, though he tries to suggest the dialect, is neither sentimental nor blank: it is simply right. The South Yorkshire collier is a peculiar flower of evolution, and his every phrase is redolent of this peculiarity — a different thing from what you find in West, East or North Yorkshire, a different nature and mind. To have captured this inflection seems to me a feat in itself.

Sigal obviously made a difficult decision in roughing out the dialect phonetically. Every American reader will hear "And tha know what that bluidy foolish coont did?" differently, none rightly, maybe. And maybe most writers would spell it differently. But for readers with some notion of the original it is plain that much of the overpowering atmosphere of this book comes through the truly grasped rhythm and word-order of the dialect. In most Yorkshire dialects each vowel is given a sort of brutal fullness: "a" as in "wham," "u" as in "whoosh," and so on. The consonants seem to be doubled or trebled, the assonances and alliterations are brought

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out forcibly (as they tend to govern the choice of words), and the whole thing has a measured, forgiving air. At the same time each word is made to sound a bit like a swear word.

MY RESERVATIONS about the book stem chiefly from Sigal's attitude to his task. Although he writes a half-novel, he does not escape the air of a researcher on a planned project. His inspection takes place in a slightly clinical chill; his note-taking, on-the-ball watchfulness never lets up for a second. Moreover, we know what his project is: life in Dinlock, he says at the outset, is an "atrocity." His project is not to record the whole of life in Dinlock, but the atrocious aspect of it: his objectivity has thesis-bias. As a result, we hear almost nothing of Dinlock's shopkeepers and clerks, and very little of the surface-workers. The face-workers are, as he says, at the world's end, but they are not alone there, they are not in group confinement. Their life is as bad as he describes, but it is also much better. He sees the atrocity clearly, but misses the spirit which enables these people to live much of it joyfully. Perhaps it is the communal spirit he misses, the impersonal affection of one for another, which overrides personal detestation, like the spirit that springs up among people during an air raid: among colliers it is a constant condition. The businesslike "let's have less crap" tone of the writing exaggerates this limitation on Sigal's part. Occasionally, he seems to believe these people are keeping alive under the horror of the pit only on huge shots of sentimental delusion. His descriptions often present more than his analytical comments take into account — as in scenes between Davie and his wife, and in the pub as the crowd gets drunk: then his book becomes momentarily bigger than he is.

Another discomfort comes from our feeling that everyone Sigal observes is aware primarily at that moment of his observing them, this strange bird up from London, this Yank in a white duffle hunting up stuff to put in a book. The effect is to give immediacy, a naive reality, to what he sees, but also a stiltedness. No matter how he actually did make the observations, his technique of presenting them — as the impressions of a sensational visitor — gets in the way slightly.

THE SPIRIT of the Dinlocks of Yorkshire is in a sense a relic and on the point of disintegration: it is open to all the dilusions of modernity, from mechanization in the pit to "telly" in the home. Though now and again, when he's drunk, Sigal gets the impression that Dinlock is indestructible, he does record a noticeable change during the mere six months between his first observations and his last. Telly takes the upper hand decisively, boys now make no secret of their trying to get out of the village, the older men are complaining that the younger are no longer so loyal to the pubs. A new sense of the open world is rapidly breaking down the colliers' devotion to their own character. Sigal has caught Dinlock at a historical moment, in a strong light.

A Rare Good Man

MARTIN BUBER: JEWISH EXISTENTIALIST. By Malcolm L. Diamond. Oxford University Press. 240 pp. $4.50.

Gabriel Vahanian

MARTIN BUBER is a contemporary whose thought testifies to the fecundity of daring, intellectual alternatives still available in a political civilization, be it Eastern or Western, which seems to have reached an impasse. The title of Malcolm Diamond's work on this capital thinker will no doubt attract some and repel others. Let it be said right away that Buber is primarily a Jewish thinker whose originality is such that he has no teacher, and yet the force of his intellectual contribution is as unobtrusive as that of a real disciple. Even the Old Testament, which to some may be the bulwark of intransigent orthodoxy, reads differently under Buber's interpretative pen, so that the supposed bases of dogmatic rigidity give way to a living thought which is not diluted for being flexible. Buber has been accused of being neither Jewish nor Christian, and some have even gone so far as to consider him a crypto-Christian. Though Buber is not guilty of the imprecisions which some of his interpreters find in him, they must and can be traced both to the extreme selectivity with which he approaches distinctly Jewish materials and to the concomitant liberty he takes in appropriating non-Jewish and particularly Christian materials.

Mr. Diamond presents a study of Buber's thought in the light of Judaism and the Hebraic tradition, whose essence is not only represented by the Prophetic movement and its spirituality, but also by the contrasting, ritualistic developments of the rabbinic schools. The author shows how Buber's work is indebted to the unsuspected variety of richness which non-Jews are incapable of detecting in Judaism because they equate it with legalism. By the same token, Mr. Diamond establishes Buber's fidelity to the Hebraic tradition and shakes all bases for the claims regarding the ambiguities mentioned above.

MR. DIAMOND first introduces the reader to the cardinal aspects of Professor Buber's philosophy. It is often presented as a philosophy of dialogue, meaning one which attempts to go beyond the dichotomy, even antinomy, between subject and object which has crippled Western thought. Such a philosophy, as Buber develops it, directs itself toward concrete questions, ambiguities or contradictions of life, rather than toward abstract philosophical problems. "Existence, as encountered by the man of flesh and bone is not an interplay of rational consistencies, but a panorama of possibilities encountered in a world of fact." These possibilities constitute the stuff on which choice and, consequently, human decisions are based; existence is decision, and decision signifies direction, purpose. But decision and direction both stem from a concrete meeting with a world of fact which includes not only objects but also other human beings. Therefore, says Buber, all life is "a give and take of genuine conversation between man and the world."

The flaw, according to Buber, in much of Western thought about the meaning of life is the emphasis on unity, or the union of subject and object, or man and the absolute, as the goal of existence. One fundamental tenet of Buber's approach is that life is to be construed in terms of a relation (or relatedness) and not in terms of unity or union. Thus, the self is in constant relationship, but its relatedness is both personal and impersonal, whether the other pole is a human being or a thing. The self is therefore characterized by a twofold dimension, which Buber calls the *I-Thou* and the *I-It*. (Incidentally, "Thou" in German—which Buber writes — is a more common form of address than its Quaker or any other anomalous usage would suggest in English.) Professor Buber spelled out these dimensions in *I and Thou*, published in 1923, which reads like a poem and has been more influential outside than inside Judaism.

Having explained the theological ram-

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ifications of this philosophy, Mr. Diamond studies the influence of Hassidism (a Jewish sect) on Buber's thought. From it, Buber has learned how to insist on the inseparability of religion and life in all its manifestations. Accordingly, he has considered that "the realer religion is, so much the more it means its own overcoming. It wills to cease to be the special domain 'Religion' and wills to become life."

One of the best sections of this book deals with Buber's place in modern Judaism and especially in relation to Zionism. It shows how Buber diverges from those liberal Jews who would dissociate Judaism from any geographical and national entity. Contrary to them, Buber holds that "the land is necessary to the fulfillment of the Jewish mission."

But he goes a step beyond and qualifies this necessity. For Buber, the land is necessary, indeed, "but only when it is considered as a challenge and not as a possession." And for just this reason, this land must be Palestine and not any other piece of land. At this point, one can easily see how Buber also disagrees with the Zionists (though with them also he remains in partial agreement). Israel, the Chosen People, he said, "would lose its own self if it replaced Zion by Palestine." In short, it is Buber's conviction, as Mr. Diamond sums it up, that "the ideal of Zion must not be subordinated" or accommodated to "the political exigencies of a Jewish state."

A SIGNIFICANT chapter is devoted to "the Jewish Jesus and the Christ of faith," that is to say, to a treatment of Buber's affinity with Jesus in his study and critique of Christianity. But its nature transcends the scope of this review. And the same can be said about the comparisons with Kierkegaard, the father of existentialism, who has influenced Buber, and with Reinhold Niebuhr, who has made it a point to acknowledge his debt to Buber's thought. One can say, however, that in all these comparisons, Mr. Diamond is as judicious in his reading both of his master's studies and their various subjects (which he, too, has studied), as the master is in his treatment of Jesus, Saint Paul or Kierkegaard.

Here is a good book about one of the rare good men of our age.

ART

Maurice Grosser

This article is the second of several we shall publish by Maurice Grosser on the museums of the Middle West.

Detroit

THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS occupies a sumptuous and comfortable building completed in 1927 in a simplified Renaissance style. The interior, with its halls and courts and suites of paneled rooms, each furnished in the period of the paintings and objects it displays, has a rich baronial air not out of keeping with the great barons of industry who are its benefactors. The institution itself is older than the present building. It began back in the eighties and was fathered by a newspaper.

In 1883, the Detroit *Evening News* organized for the city a large loan exhibition of pictures. It was such a success that the paper, in the person of its advertising manager, Mr. William Brearley, was able to raise funds to build a permanent museum which opened in 1889. However, Detroit had no art collection for the building to contain, and the institution was in danger of becoming a combination of art school and exhibit hall for contemporary shows. Mr. James Scripps, editor and publisher of the *Evening News,* found this unsatisfactory and undertook to furnish the museum with pictures. He had already had some experience as an art collector and believed that the old masters had more permanent value than the contemporary works of Diaz, Mauve, Meissonier and Bouguereau, so dear to the collectors of the eighties. Besides, the old masters were a great deal less expensive than famous living painters. (One remembers the story of the visitor to Meissonier's studio being shown the painter's collection of old masters—a Rembrandt, a Titian, and so on. "Why," says the visitor, "do I not see one of your own works?" "Oh," says Meissonier, "I can't afford it.") So, with values and prices in mind, Mr. Scripps set out to acquire old masters, principally among the minor Dutch, and in 1889, when the museum opened, he was able to endow it with seventy pictures. Other well-to-do Detroiters followed his example, sometimes with less acumen, and the galleries were presently filled with all sorts of Turkish and Persian bric-a-brac, plaster casts and natural history specimens. As one of the trustees complained in 1910, the museum made it a rule to accept all gifts in order to avoid hurting the feelings of well-intentioned givers.

IN 1919, all this was changed. Under Michigan law, the art museum, since it was not a municipal institution, could not use municipal funds. Therefore a new city charter was adopted, providing for a city art commission which would build a new museum and administer it as a department of the city government. At the same time the older private museum corporation was retained as a sustaining society. Under this dual leadership, partly old Detroit society, partly municipal, the present museum building was erected, and Dr. William Valentiner was engaged as director.

Dr. Valentiner, a highly cultivated German, brought to Detroit the idea, new in museum practice, of culture-history. According to this idea each cultural period has a spiritual unity. Works of art shown for themselves alone, as separate *objets de vertu,* are interesting only to the specialist. They can be understood by a broader public only when shown in their proper historical context, under which conditions the spirit of their cultural period becomes apparent. Thus, each gallery of a museum should as much as possible present—with its paintings, sculpture and decoration all drawn from the same period—a unit illustration to a particular chapter of the history of culture.

On this educational basis the new museum was conceived. Since no attempt was made to carry it to extremes, it works very well, with European galleries from Gothic to eighteenth century ranged in the right wing, and in the left, a series of American rooms with art from the seventeenth century until today. The display of Classical and Oriental art is less extensive, difficult perhaps to display under such a system. But there is a large and comprehensive collection of modern painting, both European and American.

The Institute's own endowment is small. Its collection derives chiefly from private benefactors who have always, except during depression years, supplied the museum with funds to buy the works it needed and contributed pictures from their own collections. The European collection, valuable as it is, tends to be perhaps a little dull. Its solid values and particular emphasis on the great names in Flemish, Dutch and Italian painting, reflect the conservative taste of the rich benefactors as well as the Central European formation of

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Dr. Valentiner himself. There are, nevertheless, any number of pictures too lively or important to be indiscriminately dismissed as "old masters." One remembers — to mention only a very few—a Tintoretto ceiling; a portrait by Titian of a *Man with a Flute;* a superb Bronzino of *Eleonora da Toledo and her Son, Don Garcia;* two charming portraits by Barocci of the *Prince of Urbino* as a serious and melancholy child; a Rogier van der Weyden of *Saint Jerome in the Desert,* bald, in a flaming vermilion robe, doctoring the paw of an amiable and somewhat heraldic lion; Pieter Breugel the Elder's *Wedding Dance* with hundreds of capering figures; a delightful scene by Zoffany from *Love in a Village,* a popular eighteenth-century English comic opera; a fine Hogarth portrait of a pretty and silly woman; and Van Dyck's *Marchesa Spinola* of a very distinguished one.

ON THE other hand, the American collection got together under the curatorship of Mr. E. P. Richardson, now the Institute's director, is one of the best in the country. I was particularly struck by a Negro head by Copley—a sketch for one of the sailors in *Watson and the Shark*—which seems to combine the skill of Velasquez with the humanity of Watteau. There are good Homers, Eakins, an almost Impressionist Eastman Johnson of berry pickers in a cranberry bog; a *Trappers' Return* by Bingham—two hunters in a canoe on a misty river with their pile of gear and pet raccoon —of which the Metropolitan has another version; Whistler's *Nocturne in Black and Gold; the Falling Rocket*—an almost non-objective spattering of yellow confetti on a dark night sky—the very picture from which the Ruskin-Whistler defamation suit arose. There are good Sargents, Mary Cassatts, Gari Melchers and so on down to Franklin Watkins, Kuniyoshi and Georgia O'Keeffe. The collection of American furniture and decorative objects in this wing is completed by what I have not seen elsewhere—a display of the ecclesiastical art of eighteenth-century Canada.

The section devoted to more recent European painting is equally complete. There is one of the best of the early Courbets—an outdoor sleeping nude called *Midday Dream,* and one of the best Degas in the *Dancers in the Green Room.* There is a famous Van Gogh self-portrait in a straw hat, and one of the most sun-drenched Monets—a woman with sunshade beside a bed of gladioli. The German Expressionists, whom Dr. Valentiner was one of the first to esteem, are given an extensive showing with probably the best examples of their work to be found in American collections. I remember particularly a *View of Jerusalem* by Kokoschka, whom I believe is the finest of the living landscape painters working in the Post-Impressionist style. The non-objective wing of contemporary painting is also amply represented.

One is reminded how up to date Detroit has always been by the presence here of Diego Rivera's enormous mural which a few years ago brought the Institute into such lively notice. Made to decorate the building's interior court with scenes from the industrial life of Detroit, it jumped into the news when someone thought to find in one of its panels—a doctor and nurse innoculating a child—a parody of the Nativity. The joke today seems less pointed, and the mural itself, with its dusty fresco tonality and jerky variations in scale, seems strained and thin. It is, none the less, a notable example of yesterday's most advanced official art, and one is glad to see it here, if only for historical and educational reasons.

For, as the Cleveland Museum is essentially a treasure house, and Toledo a memorial to its principal contributors, the Detroit Institute of Arts is an educational and scholarly foundation. Publishing *The Art Quarterly*—an international magazine of art scholarship—and busy compiling for its Archives of American Art a complete documentary record of American painting from colonial primitives to the latest on 57th Street, with its solid European coverage and its beautiful and complete survey of American art, it represents all that is best to be found in the Middle West of conservative and respectable scholarship and taste.

St. Louis

THE CITY ART MUSEUM of St. Louis occupies a Palace of Art building left over from the Exposition of 1903, in style, a restrained World's Fair Roman. The columned entrance portico—flanked by seated marble figures of Painting and Sculpture, and crowned by six standing figures symbolizing art in its various periods, from Classical to Modern—leads to a large central hall situated between the two lateral wings containing the exposition galleries. The central hall, with its grandiose proportions, has the impressive emptiness of a courthouse lobby or railroad station waiting room, and quite dwarfs the pieces of sculpture and Hubert Robert panels which adorn it. The galleries themselves are better scaled for exposition purposes and contain, along with the museum's collection of paintings and art objects, a suite of American and European period rooms, a medieval cloister court and chapel, and a gallery, which I found particularly fascinating, of old St. Louis, with early scenes and portraits, paintings of Indians, engravings of steam boats, and river navigation charts.

The museum has a history older than the building it occupies. It all began in 1879 as part of the Fine Arts department of St. Louis' Washington University and run on university funds. In 1906, the collection was separated from the university and transferred to the present building, which had been donated to the city by the exposition company. And the institution, now as a city museum, was provided with funds to support it, deriving from a city property tax and put under the governorship of a self-perpetuating municipal board of control. This city tax, now amounting to some $330,000 annually, is still the St. Louis museum's principal support and the chief source of its collection.

One wonders what the original university collection could have contained. By present standards it must have been quite inferior, for little from it still re-

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mains on show. Actually, in the present catalogue, only one object acquired before 1915—an engraving after Lebrun —is thought worth mentioning. And the complete list of acquisitions before 1920 is limited to an Umbrian *Madonna and Child*; two Dutch pictures—a Van Goyen skating scene and an excellent Ter Borch; four Impressionist works—a Monet, a Manet, a Sisley and a Pissarro; a Gilbert Stuart sketch and three other unimportant American paintings; an Italian oak cassone; a medieval iron coffer; a sixteenth-century steel breastplate; two Persian platters; two Chinese bronze mirrors; a Japanese No mask; five European engravings and a piece of gold and red Italian brocade.

THUS, the St. Louis collection is of comparatively recent origin, and has had less support from private bequest than Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit. The greater part of its possessions seems to have been purchased by the museum itself with its own funds. It nevertheless possesses today a considerable and representative collection of European and American painting—fifty of the best pieces were shown at Wildenstein in New York in November, 1958—along with a not unimportant collection of the decorative, Classical and Oriental arts, including a celebrated group of early Chinese bronzes.

The most important pictures in the collection are perhaps the early Tintoretto of *Minerva Pursuing Venus*, the Rembrandt *Portrait of a Young Man*, and the Holbein of *Lady Guldeford* which, despite its masterful execution, is nevertheless hard and metallic in its detailed drawing and garish in color, as well as being the picture of an uninteresting sitter. There is an expressive late Titian *Ecco Homo* with a benevolent Pilate and a mischievous boy; a characteristically dramatic landscape by Magnasco; a charming picture by Mme. Vigée le Brun of her young brother; a self-portrait of the young Goya; a sturdy and economical still life by Zubaran; and an arresting Mannerist painting of an unquiet and sensitive Florentine gentleman with, as background, a cascade of moss-green drapery.

Among the later pictures, there is a beautiful *Girl with Mandolin* and a *Beach at Etretat*, both by Corot; a fine small study by Delacroix for his *Barque of Dante*; and this along with all the great Impressionist names, including a delightful portrait study by Lautrec.

Among the modern Europeans there are Picassos (a particularly fine pink nude of 1907); Gris (an exceptional 1917 Cubist checkerboard); and Braques (including a still life of 1944, surprisingly good for that period of his work which I have always considered inferior); and a wonderful *Marseilles Harbor* by Kokoschka. For more unusual items, there is a large early Derain of soldiers in a suburban dance hall; and a large, cheerful and colorful Chagall of Adam and Eve and the serpent, more in the Italian than the "Futurist" style, unlike anything of his I have seen.

THE American school is well presented —early portraits by Copley, Earl and Gulligher; a number of good Binghams; an Arcadian landscape by Cole; a beautiful Kensett of the *Upper Missouri* in light clear colors; with Homer, Harnett, Chase and other nineteenth-century names well in evidence. The later Americans I was not able to see; their exhibition halls have been taken over for a show of fifteen of the younger painters from France—loud, large and non-objective, and I am afraid, all too familiar.

The city of St. Louis itself boasts of some notable private collections—of the Pulitzers, the Weils and others. Indeed, when I was there a large show of locally owned Picassos was just ending at the Artists' Guild and the collection of German Expressionist painting of Mr. and Mrs. Morton May, perhaps the largest in the country, was on show at the library of the St. Louis university. Many of these pictures, if one can judge from the history of other Midwestern collections, will eventually end in the museum here. Most certainly it can find place for them. However well St. Louis has managed on its relatively small budget, it still has nothing like the wealth of pictures and art objects donated, so often, by private collectors to other museums of the region, and on the whole is less rich in outstanding examples than in famous names.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *Psycho* is being advertised as more a shocker than a thriller, and that is right—I am shocked, in the sense that I am offended and disgusted.

It is not the material itself that revolts me; it is the use to which the material is put. The clinical details of psychopathology are not material for trivial entertainment; when they are used so they are an offense against taste and an assault upon the sensibilities of the audience. *Psycho* puts you in the position of rubbernecking at the horrors of the diseased mind; it makes you feel unclean. I am sorry to lecture so, but on all sides I see statements to the effect that good old "Hitch" has done it again. If that means that he has repeated the happy thrills and mystifications of *The Lady Vanishes* and *The 39 Steps*, it is nonsense. In *Psycho*, Hitchcock is not an entertainer, but a pander of vicarious perversion.

I will add that Anthony Perkins, Janet Leigh and the other actors carry out their jobs very skillfully under Hitchcock's cute, if sometimes long-winded, direction. But I will add further that, despite the talk about seeing the picture from the start and not revealing the secret, there is no real mystification. Anyone with a Sunday-supplement knowledge of psychology and a modest sophistication in the techniques of mystery-story construction will easily keep abreast of the plot. I knew what was coming and, had I been in the audience for pleasure, I would have left. It is incumbent on us to inspect the real horrors of our time, but we don't have to traffic with Hitchcock's giggling obscenities.

THE SORDID material of *The Savage Eye* is quite another matter. This remarkable picture, written by Ben Maddow, produced by Joseph Strick, directed by Sidney Meyers, is a poem on the theme of human emptiness. It is a per-

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sonal story (a divorcée caught in total estrangement) set against a relentless documentary background of vacant people spending their lives — buying out of habit, gambling from boredom, consuming sex as though it were a packaged confection, finding hope in a saloon and God in a faith healer's tabernacle. How the journalistic passages were made, in the streets and warrens of Los Angeles, I cannot imagine, but they are brilliant, terrifying and instructive — often horrible but never heartless.

The girl's story is not of the same caliber, and it might have been wiser to design the film as a pure documentary. Barbara Baxley is too evidently acting misery against a fabric of real misery, her regeneration is contrived and the "poetic" commentary is profound at second-hand. But look past the story and you will see a vision of America that too convincingly suggests the end of a civilization.

IN *Man in a Cocked Hat*, the Boulting brothers put Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas through another spoofing of British institutions. This time it is the foreign service, Terry-Thomas playing an idiot servant of empire and Sellers a hilariously well-observed Latin political schemer. *Man in a Cocked Hat* is the dream the latter-day Cecil Rhodes is reduced to.

The Boultings' comedies are consistently the best satire around, but they have a way of fading in the last reels. It is a common fault of idea slapstick, but I wish these civilized practitioners would give more thought to how they will get their fine whimsies safely home.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

FRITZ REINER and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra have recorded, on the RCA Victor label, Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote* (Soria Series — LS 2384); Bartok's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* (LM 2374); Prokofieff's cantata for soprano, chorus and orchestra from the Eisenstein film score, *Alexander Nevsky*. The results are, respectively, good, fair and poor.

To find the *Don Quixote* reading acceptable is not surprising. Reiner is a specialist in Strauss, and has given astonishing performances of this composer's music in the past. What does surprise me is that his present interpretation is no better. Hearing this record in close proximity to the Bartok and Prokofieff makes one wonder where Reiner has suddenly acquired such a taste for sluggish tempi and murky orchestral textures.

Lest I seem to criticize this recording too severely, I will say that if one had a satisfactory version of *Don Quixote* in his library, this one might serve as an interesting second. Reiner, as always, maintains a high level of technical smoothness. Strauss's sheep bleat well, and the various devices of tone painting are all given due emphasis. The pervading flaw in this performance, aside from tempo and texture, is that the lyric line has been broken into overcareful segments. The sense of melodic flow, vital to Strauss, has been weakened, and the episodic character of the music accentuated. Under such treatment, *Don Quixote's* seams tend to break open and let out part of the sawdust.

Reiner does achieve certain worthwhile dramatic values in the piece, particularly by building some impressive climaxes. These give one the satisfaction of hearing a conscious intention fully realized. Antonio Janigro, the young Yugoslavian cellist-conductor whose direction of *I Solisti di Zagreb* has been praised more than once in these columns, does an exemplary job with the cello solo. Milton Preves, first violist of the Chicago orchestra, does equally well in the solo viola part.

IN THE *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*, Reiner again errs on the side of textural heaviness and lethargic pace. If one can judge from the recorded sound, he used either the Chicago Symphony's entire string section or too large a portion of it for a work that calls for a reduced orchestra and lives on transparency of color and sharpness of line. In the opening fugue, particularly, the result is a heavy mass of sound in which even the individual lines lack tensility, because of their weight and because of the slow tempo at which they are put out. However, this recording also would be worthy of attention if a better version were already in one's library. Reiner may have gauged certain things badly, but he did so with such conviction that a viable concept comes to light.

The *Nevsky* disk cannot be recommended on any account. Reiner's direction is gross and unimaginative. His tempi are wrong, his treatment of details unconvincing and graceless. The Chicago Symphony Chorus, prepared by Margaret Hillis for this recording, produces a hoarse ensemble tone, and their enunciation of the English translation, though clear, sounds embarrassingly amateurish and pedantic. The translation itself is ridiculous; if no better could be achieved, the work should have been sung in Russian.

VOX has issued a disk on which the Israeli violinist, Ivry Gitlis, plays the Stravinsky *Violin Concerto* (1931) and the Berg *Violin Concerto* (1935) (PL 10.760). For the Stravinsky, the accompaniment is provided by the Concerts Colonne Orchestra under Harold Byrns; for the Berg, by the Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna, directed by William Strickland.

It is unfortunate that the sound on this record should have been so exaggerated in the high-frequencies. Gitlis gives a performance of the Stravinsky concerto that would otherwise be of major interest. It is loaded with energy, intelligent, virile and stylish. His reading of the Berg Concerto is less apposite; it is an extrovert reading of a work that requires a subjective, non-virtuoso approach. The accompaniments are splendidly played, but pushed too far into the background by the recording engineers.

Another Vox disk has pianist Gyorgy Sandor and the Pro Musica Orchestra

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of Vienna, under Michael Gielen, playing Bartok Piano Concertos No. 2 and 3 (PL 11.490). These are not the smoothest imaginable performances, and in complicated contrapuntal passages, elements occasionally give the impression of being faintly tangled. Nevertheless, the spirit is vital, and healthy musicianship consistently prevails. In each concerto, I had the impression that the players' security and communicativeness increased as the work progressed. From roughly the mid-point of each, individual and convincing things began to happen. Perhaps this disk was made from minimally edited tapes.

THE Juilliard String Quartet has recorded for RCA Victor the Debussy and Ravel *String Quartets* (LM 2413) and Schubert's *"Death and the Maiden" Quartet* and *Quartettsatz* (LM 2378). As might be expected, the French works are more tellingly performed than the Austrian. Despite the influence Viennese musicians have had in this country, our performers seem more at home with the music of France — particularly Impressionist music — and their concept of ensemble tone stresses transparency rather than richness. The Debussy and Ravel works are given first-rate readings. There are occasionally hints of New York-style hurry, but the flaws are too brief to matter very much. The performance of the Schubert works is clean, though one might wish for a bit more melodic opulence and body. I cannot believe Schubert called for the non-vibrato effect used in one important passage. Since the players sneaked back into vibrato as soon as possible, I suspect they too felt uncertain of the gimmick's propriety. If so, why use it?

Three interesting American works are included on the Composers Recordings, Inc. disk CRI-127: Carl Ruggles' *Organum*, Douglas Moore's *In Memoriam* and Robert Ward's *Symphony No. 2. Organum*, which seems to bear no relationship to a technical device of the same name, has an extraordinarily strong melodic impulse and a kind of plain, masculine conviction. It is a handsome and memorable work. The Moore, though extended farther than its modest materials will support, is attractive and securely estimated for the first half of its duration. Ward's *Symphony No. 2* is neatly crafted, melodious and harmonically unproblematic. At moments, it brings to mind bucolic moods in British symphonic music, particularly that of Vaughan Williams. William Strickland and the Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra give all three works top-level performances. The recorded sound is splendid.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

with the Secretary-Treasurer of the local in New York; that a member of the office of Mr. Schmidt appeared before the National Labor Relations Board on behalf of Howard Johnson Restaurants in connection with decertification proceedings involving this same local; that he represented the Schraffts Restaurant chain in New York and in connection therewith assisted to some degree in passing upon a contract between Teamsters' Local 816 and a trucker company who is the commissary carrier for Schraffts, and had conferences on the contract with the Secretary-Treasurer of the local; that his firm represented the Coin Service Company of New Jersey in negotiations of the company looking toward a contract with Local 575, a Teamster local in New York, and also represented the Independent Sanitation Owners Group of New York in contractual negotiations with Teamsters' Local 813. There is no suggestion by us that in any of these matters, or otherwise, Mr. Schmidt has not conducted himself lawfully, in good conscience, and openly; but we believe conflict of interest exists nonetheless. His private employment in negotiating with Teamster locals on behalf of employers tends potentially — and that is all that is necessary to create conflict of interest — to condition the exercise of his public responsibility as an officer of the court. Obvious, too, is the potential pressure upon Teamster locals in negotiating terms of employment with one who while representing the bargaining employer is a Monitor who possesses great influence in the affairs of the Teamsters.

Since, however, Mr. Schmidt is an officer of the District Court, we simply state our disagreement with the finding that no conflict of interest was shown. Whether the conflict of interest which was shown disqualified him as a Monitor is a matter to be determined initially by the appointing court in the exercise of a sound discretion on our remand of the case.

The time specified in paragraph 8 for publishing that the charges against Mr. Schmidt were unproved has long since passed. Nevertheless, if the defendants published any of the charges against him they should with equal distribution publish now that the charges were found to be unproved, except that conflict of interest was proved and that the question whether this conflict of interest disqualified Mr. Schmidt is as yet unresolved.

EDITORS, THE NATION

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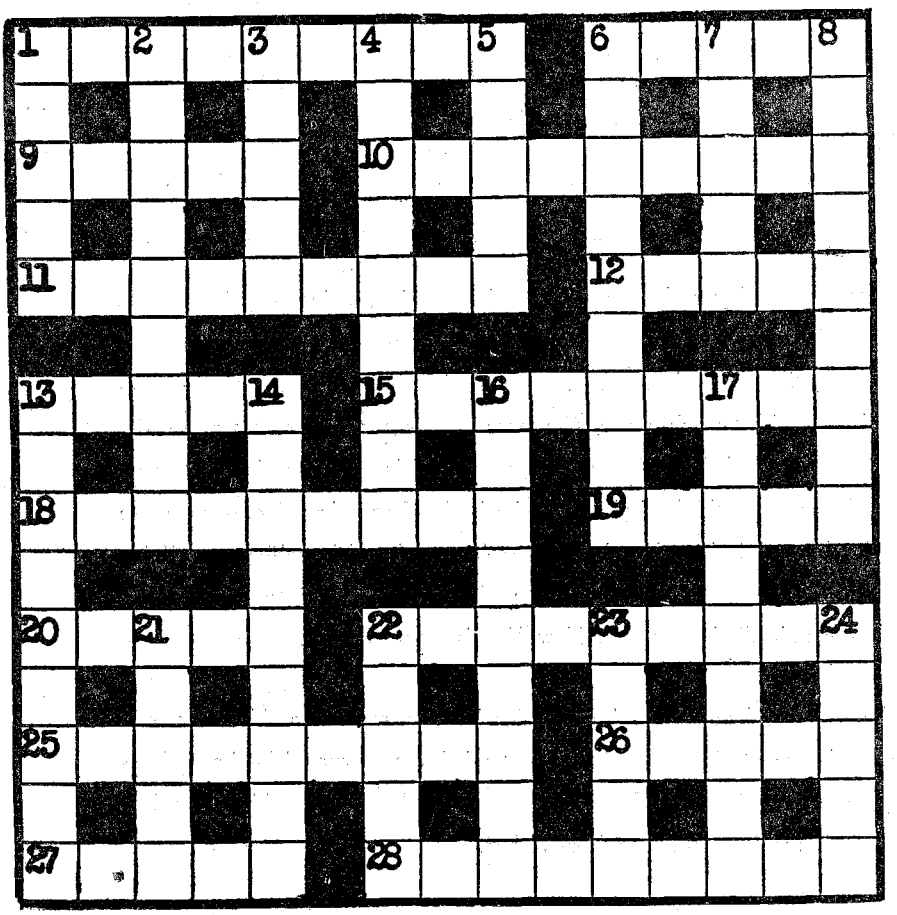
Crossword Puzzle No. 874

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sounds like feigned illness might be due to drink. (9)
6 Associated with a Scottish woodchuck? (5)
9 See 20
10 Getting along with this? You're kidding? (9)
11 See 22 across
12 The sort of gin to find in the bar.
13 This should make things sound short. (5)
15 Their turns might be good. (9)
18 Certainly not reserved for the loser of the debate. (9)
19 Longfellow's blacksmith does what-e'er he can. (5)
20 and 9 China seems to offer a substitute for the Royal Ascot. (5, 5)
22 and 11 Implying a relationship between imminence and eminence. (3, 6, 3, 6)
25 Rather impressionable. (9)
26 Might be the lining of the chest. (5)
27 Sudden rush of current material, by the sound of it. (5)
28 A dripless sort of dissipation! (9)

DOWN:

1 Acted like one who is training for the fight? (5)
2 There shouldn't be a copy of a gentleman's. (9)
3 He might be asked to endorse something for cash. (5)
4 It wasn't acute indigestion that the doughboys were wary of. (3, 6)
5 One might get safely to 22 down on this. (5)
6 Does the drugstore cowboy make an arrangement? (9)
7 Ask around, in essence. (5)
8 Found on the other side of radicals. (9)
13 The desk sergeant might, if the offense is serious, and they might be lined up against the wall. (9)
14 Dear, you're not so thoughtful as you used to be! (9)
16 Is the quality of words of action strained, as well? (9)
17 Red, as seen played by the hopeful, perhaps. (9)
21 He admits to having something. (5)
22 Orson Welles' man. (5)
23 Where chalk might go with the proper entrance. (2 3)
24 The sort of quiet James Thomson wanted with retirement, friendship, books. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 873

ACROSS: 1 Wallowed; 5 and 4 Triple Entente; 10 Champ; 11 Terrorism; 12 Eastern; 13 Nibbler; 14 Parsee; 15 Enclave; 18 Askance; 21 Russia; 24 Inhabit; 27 Homiletic; 28 and 26 Great Britain; 29 Deride; 30 Encrusts. DOWN: 1 Wicked; 2 Loan shark; 3 Oppress; 6 Rhombic; 7 Phial; 8 Elm trees; 9 France; 16 Animaters; 17 Famished; 19 Nibbled; 20 Entity; 21 Rubicon; 22 Stinger; 23 Unites; 25 Homer.

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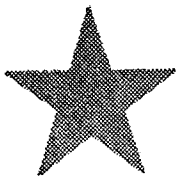

ARTS in the SUN

There's no off-season for the creative artist: writers write, musicians play, painters paint, actors act — and reviewers review. *The Nation's* "BOOKS and the ARTS" section promises much for the indolent vacationer who limits his exercise to lively reading. From Paris, Harold Clurman — our regular theatre critic — will be reporting on the French stage (he goes overseas every summer, to the enormous profit of *The Nation's* readers). Fairfield Porter, artist and critic, is preparing an essay advancing the provocative theory that art should be judged on the basis of artistic values — no more and no less. And in Mr. Clurman's absence, Robert Hatch, our regular movie critic, will stray off his cool beat occasionally to catch any odd shows that may pop up off-Broadway, and to watch what Mr. Papp is going to do with his open-air Shakespeare in New York's Central Park.

Then, of course, there will be contributions by Walter McQuade, our regular architecture columnist (his next project will be a critique of the new cultural center being constructed in the nation's capital). As for books, there will be reviews by Hans Meyerhoff, Kenneth Rexroth, David L. Bazelon, David Cort and others of *The Nation's* regulars and once-in-a-whilers.

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